Inside: Basketball recruiting in South Carolina/Miniature golf goes whacky

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osceola

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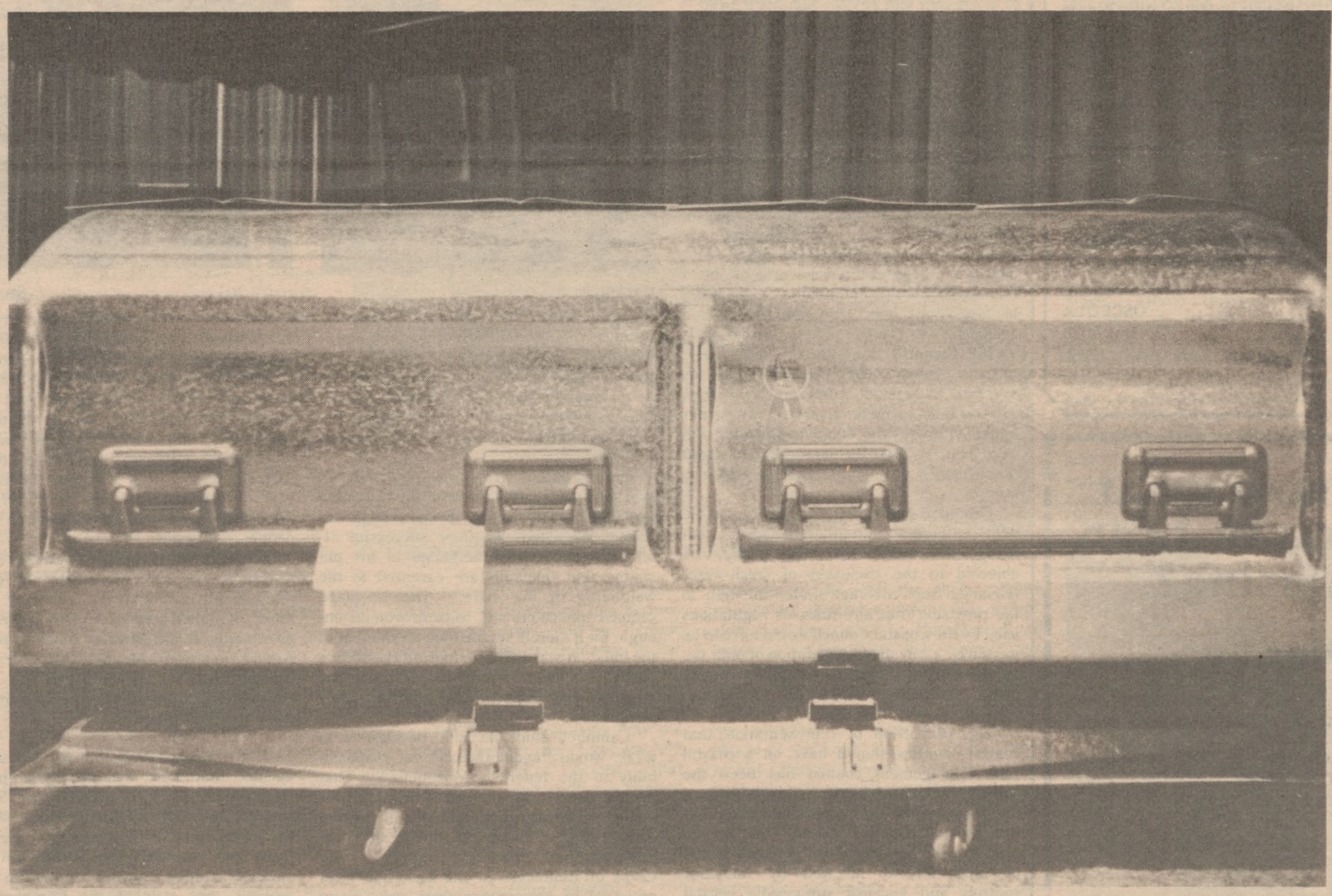

A look at the American way of death

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A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
—press critic A.J. Liebling

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Cheap Shots

Tidelands travesty

The passage of legislation to protect the state's coastal tidelands has been one of the prime concerns of environmentalists this year. During the 1974 legislative session, a strong tidelands bill, authored by former Rep. Alex Sanders, passed in the House, only to die of calculated neglect in the Senate. The House wanted to make sure that didn't happen again this year, it seems.

Rep. Bill Campbell (D-Richland), one of the hardest working and most consistent environmentalists in the House, introduced a lengthy tidelands bill earlier this year which combined most of what was in last year's Sanders bill with further strictures expanding the definition of tidelands and setting up a strong coastal zone management council to protect the tidelands. Signficant points of Campbell's bill were that the vegetative definition of critical tidelands areas would be expanded to include eight types of grasses; ocean-front sand dunes would be covered by the bill; and fresh-water estuaries adjacent to coastal areas would also be protected.

The chances of the Campbell legislation passing both the House and Senate never looked too good. For one thing, the Sanders bill in 1974 had been less stringent; yet when the House sent it on to the other chamber, the Senate -- under the leadership of Sen. Jim Stevens (D-Horry) -- refused to consider the bill. And also ominous was the fact that this year's House, despite an influx of new members, has proved not nearly as progressive as anticipated.

By the time the Campbell tidelands bill worked its way through the House Agriculture and Natural Resources Committee and was approved by the entire House the other day, it had been watered down to the point that it was more palatable to the legislature. In fact, only four representatives voted against it.

Bill Campbell was one of those four. Asked by **Osceola** why he voted against his own bill, he replied, simply and concisely, "I'm against cosmetic devices." The other representatives who voted against the bill were Jean Toal (D-Richland), Parker Evatt (R-Richland), and John L. Henson (D-Charleston).

Campbell said his major objections to the bill "centered around a number of emasculating amendments." Specifically, he objected to the exclusion of fresh-water tidelands from coverage under the bill; to the provision that any rules or regulations used by the Coastal Council would have to be passed by a concurrent resolution of both the House and the Senate; and to the council being "stacked with coastal representatives."

The proportion of representation that coastal counties should have on a coastal zone management council has been the subject of much debate. Legislators from the coastal areas have generally argued that the coastal counties should be heavily represented, because those counties would be most directly affected by tidelands controls and because supposedly coastal residents would have a much better "feel" for the problems and needs of the tidelands areas than would, say, someone from the Appalachian counties. But Campbell and others contended that the only reason some coastal senators wanted representation was to insure that the coastal council wouldn't interfere with their personal profit-making development enterprises in the tidelands.

Campbell said he disagreed strongly with arguments by coastal legislators that they are bent on protecting tidelands. "If they know how important the tidelands are," Campbell retorted, "they wouldn't have passed this tidelands legislation." He claimed the legislators from coastal counties are "more concerned with getting someone's dike fixed," and less with the public welfare.

Campbell

Stevens

The young Richland County legislator, an avid sportsman and founder of the Columbia Audubon Society, aimed special criticism at coastal legislators for their successful attempts to strike out language in his bill stating that tidelands are essential to the well-being of the state. The language seemed innocuous and uncontroversial enough, for it merely set the tone for the rest of the bill. "It was there to indicate the state's policy," explained Campbell. He said the language was stricken as part of an ad hoc compromise on the House floor.

Campbell said the bill, because it is weak, would "again abdicate our responsibility to the federal government." That means much of the responsibility for tidelands preservation would fall to the Army Corps of Engineers and to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agnecy. The Corps of Engineers in the past has been criticized by environmentalists, who claim that the Corps often doesn't prosecute violators of federal laws and that the definition which Corps uses to define "tidelands" is too narrow.

There are indications that federal laws on tidelands protection may become stronger, Campbell said, because of new EPA and Corps guidelines. The guidelines were necessitated because the Corps has lost two suits recently that would limit its jurisdiction. Now, Campbell explained, the EPA is pushing for a definition of navigable waters and tidelands that far exceeds the definition under which the Corps presently operates.

But that doesn't mean South Carolina should leave coastal zone management up to the feds, Campbell said. And he termed his amended, "emasculated" bill as "nothing more than a pretense" at protecting critical coastal areas. "It's a sham," Campbell said. "To present this as meaningful tidelands legislation does a disservice to the people of this state."

If the House passed a relatively strong tidelands bill last year, why have the representatives suddenly changed their tune? Campbell pointed out that several key proponents of the Sanders bill last year -- Arnold Goodstein, Mendel Rivers, Jr., and Joseph Riley, Jr., all of Charleston -- were not in the House this year to help Campbell push his bill through.

But it's more likely that the House just decided that there was no use to pass a strong tidelands bill, because the Senate would only gut it or kill it outright. Maybe the environmentalists who saw their tidelands bill wasted in the Senate last year sincerely wanted to avoid a repeat in 1975; perhaps they thought the Campbell bill would stand a chance of being passed in the Senate only if it were made more amenable to tidelands foes in the Senate, like Jim Stevens of Horry County.

Yet that's not a very good attitude for House members to take. Representatives shoudn't tailor legislation to fit what the Senate wants, Campbell said; they should use their own judgment in passing legislation. "If they're going to do that, they might as well go home."

Continued on page 5

Miniature golf

Where duffers can confront erupting volcanoes and six-foot rabbits with relative impunity

by Scott Graber

Most South Carolinians approach manhood, or, to use the less offensive term, personhood, knowing that the beloved Palmetto State is, comparatively speaking, a poor state. Examination of any social or economic yardstick will confirm what most of us have suspected since the senior class trip to Washington, D.C. Most of us have accepted these statistical realities knowing that the essence, the quality of life in Mullins was somehow better, or more wholesome than, say New Canaan, Connecticut.....per capita income be damned. However, for some of us this quiet understanding was not enough. This subtle knowledge that we in South Carolina were healthier or happier...better off...was not enough. We needed something more tangible. Something that would underscore our remarkable luck. What was needed, by God, was a winning football team! Look at Alabama...50th in education...but all was forgotten or forgiven when that magnificent "Tide" rolled into our living rooms on Saturday afternoon. Notwithstanding the fact that they could not beat Notre Dame. Yes. Surely a nationally ranked football squad would vindicate those of us who knew that we were the Chosen People.

The key, of course, to a winning team was a coach that would create a juggernaut of padded protoplasm. Paul Dietzel, despite a couple of lackluster seasons at West Point, was the prophet that would lead us into the sunshine (not to be confused with the Sun Bowl). The sunshine never came (the Peach Bowl?) or was somehow imperfect (Frank McGuire and his imports from Brooklyn?). We cursed the darkness.

Several weeks ago I was brooding on these dark thoughts and, at the same time, I was contemplating the plastic landscape in and about Myrtle Beach. Rumor has it that there is an ocean somewhere between Dracula's Wax Museum and "electronic bingo"...but I couldn't seem to find it. But I did not brood for long. For growing on our "Grand Strand" (thought by some to be a sort of concrete acne) is a remarkable "movement" that will unquestionably throw the state under the scrutiny of Roone Arledge and Howard Cosell. Fast abuilding at Myrtle Beach is a variation of what was

once called miniature golf...or putt putt. This uncomplicated recreation has become something called "whacky golf" or "jungle golf" and bears little resemblance to the neat little strips of green carpet. This thing, I might add, is giving the skee-ball people real cause of alarm. I cannot, in candor, do justice to what is underway using only the written word. Neither can I catalog the number or the variety of "courses" that confront the tourist...and I will not attempt to do so here. Rather I will describe, inadequately to be sure, two of what I believe to be the very best courses in miniature golf (I use the term "miniature golf" for lack of something better).

I want to say here that your conventional duffer does not normally confront erupting volcanoes...or bull elephants on the rampage...and my references to those obstacles or "hazards" is not a tongue-in-cheek attempt at humor. For the serious student, a shot that will involve a windmill (revolving blades), a beached whale (through the eye socket) and a frenzied bear is not a simple matter. With that in mind let's get to the heart of the matter.

Jungle Golf located at Highway 21 and 71st Avenue is one of the most elaborate courses in the Myrtle Beach area. The course cost over $10,000 and takes in about two acres of land. The land has been reshaped and thoroughly denatured...it now sports a lagoon, several waterfalls and what many would call a mountain. This description does not include the plastic props... elephants, mushrooms, flamingos. This, of course, is in harmony with what must be a community effort to reduce any vestige of nature (sand dune or marsh) to the only reasonable common denominator -- plastic. But I digress.

Number 7 (at Jungle Golf) is an interesting hole that includes a waterfall, a giraffe and three baby elephants, but it does not, in my opinion, present the challenge offered by Number 10. Number 10 presents several routes to the cup. What appears to be the most direct (through a cluster of rocks) is probably the most difficult. The less-direct routes are more predictable (sensible) but one loses the opportunity for a hole-in-one. Does one play the percentages or attack, hell-for-leather, the thing in a frontal assault?

Whacky Golf (several locations along the Grand Strand) can be easily identified by the large fiberglass volcano that appears to be a standard feature with the chain. These courses are somewhat beyond this writer's ability at description. However, I will comment on two holes that deserve comment. One hole involves a small church through which one must play. Don't be distracted by the quotation from scripture just above the door ("I am happy to enter the House of the Lord") or the six foot rabbit nearby. Concentration is the point here. A second hole involves a ramp that leads to the belly of a kangaroo. If you are fortunate your shot will enter the plastic pouch, and then emerge from the animal's tail. Not anatomically correct, to be sure, but an automatic hole-in-one. I must add that "Wacky" incorporates a pinball arcade and a curio shop in its entertainment package. This treat is hidden inside the before-mentioned volcano.

Pirate Golf (Ocean Drive Beach) and **Gator Golf** (Myrtle Beach) are not in the same league as Jungle or Wacky but each will provide an hour of pleasant, if unremarkable, play. Likewise, **Circus Golf**, in Ocean Drive is a distinct notch below the aforementioned Jungle and Wacky. However there is one course near Pirateland that features a sort of free-form concrete sculpture. These elongated concrete forms are only props (not actually incorporated into the course) but they do provide a bizarre, Alice in Wonderland like environment for the enthusiast.

Jungle and Wacky are only a small part of what is happening along our Grand Strand. Some, regrettably would put Myrtle Beach in the same category as Dutch Elm Disease or Polio. Some would call for taste (Williamsburg?) or for a theme (Carowinds?). Some simply hope for a hurricane. But what these misguided few fail to perceive is that we have something unique here. We have a rather perfect example of entertainment without any pretense of taste or education or, for that matter, purpose. We have right in our own backyard, entertainment at its very worst (or best?). We have something that gives flesh and meaning to the term "honky tonk" (even this term is somehow inadequate). We in South Carolina (as legal custodians of Myrtle Beach) must preserve this landmark. But I digress.

For those of us who have waited in the darkness ("...how long...how long O'Lord must we wait") miniature golf is the vehicle that could carry the Palmetto State into the hearts and heads of our kinsmen. But let's do it right...let's build at least one first rate course in every South Carolina city. Let's get our children into the game at an early age...scholarship a team at Carolina.

And could there be a more fitting place for this "revival" than Myrtle Beach? The drab, rather predictable taste of Hilton Head pales when compared with the sound and purposeless fury of Myrtle Beach. Whereas Hilton Head caters to affluent expatriates from New England; Myrtle Beach draws on every segment...every shabby vein in our society. Miniature golf, skee-ball, go-karts, bingo. Dune Burgers, cotton candy, sno-cones, doughnuts. This is the very substance, the very lifeblood of Myrtle Beach. The very worst of Miami Beach, Atlantic City and Coney Island are all right here, spreading like athlete's foot, along our coast. But I digress.

This is this writer's modest proposal. It won't be easy. We'll need the cooperation and help of our legislature. Miniature golf could be anything but "miniature" for South Carolina.

Photos by R.L. Steele

national topics

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

A world in ferment

This is a moment of shock and transition 'round the world, and almost anywhere you look you feel in your bones that things are probably going to get worse before they get better. The Associated Press has dredged up the cheerful fact that this is the first time in 45 years that there is no certified 90 proof conflict going on anywhere on earth that can rank as a war. But the Ford administration thinks that it can fix that. US Air Force planes have sunk Cambodian naval craft after first apparently buzzing them in retaliation for their seizure of the U.S. merchant ship **Mayaguez**. The country is going through a period of anger and mortification after Vietnam and would love to find some gnat that it could smash with a sledge hammer. Meanwhile the Thais have given the U.S. an ultimatum to withdraw marines recently landed without permission. There are circumstances everywhere boding more trouble.

We note, for example, that South Africa has introduced television, after considerable debate on whether this might not put ideas into the uppity natives. They clustered around the first public sets in delight and disbelief. Disbelief in the TV set, or in what they see? South Africa's predominantly black 25 million people are ranked among the upper-crust "developed" countries in the admirable **U.S. and World Development, Agenda for 1975** just issued by the nonprofit Overseas Development Council (Praeger, $4.50).

If South Africa is a **developed** country you wonder about the others: it has a life expectancy of 52 years, 35 percent literacy and the upper 20 percent of the population gets 57.4 of the income and the bottom 20% only 1.9%. We suspect that introducing a lethal equalizer like television into a disparity like that makes South Africa a traitor to its ethnic class. What do they mean, showing hungry natives the overstocked shops of the "have" countries, and their sleek motor civilization? Don't they know the risk of this in a globe where half of the four billion people are ill-nourished? In most "undeveloped" countries, particularly in the Southern Hemisphere, annual income is below $100 and life expectancy about 30 years -- too short to live, and too long to be hungry. There are ructions all 'round the world as the dawning realization of this inequality sends out shock waves. No country is more exposed as a target than the United States; we have only five percent of the global population but we enjoy half of the global income.

Let's turn to India. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi abruptly withdrew at the last minute last week a bill that would have given her government the right to detain certain suspects for two years without trials. The opposition called "dictatorship" and "police rule." India has a per capita gross national product of $110 and the U.S. has $5590; a birthrate double America's; infant mortality 139 per thousand (U.S., 18) and the division of its income is 42 percent to the top fifth, and eight percent to the lowest. Observers wonder if India can make it as a democracy; yet it found the tax money from its loin-cloth natives to set off a nuclear explosion.

Trouble isn't confined just to dark-skin countries, either. If there's one nation that is a good guy country to most Americans it's Britain. It has detractors of course, but its respect for individual rights, sense of fair play and decency are admirable. But what a mess. It is tied with Italy in having the highest inflation rate in Europe: 21.2 percent a year. To combat inflation you need output but, at the drop of a hat, there's a strike. Trade unions ask wage settlements averaging 32 percent, and get them from the Labour government. The pound sinks to a new low every other day, and the country makes ends meet by borrowing oil money. Will credit hold out? To pass time in this emergency the public argues whether to stay in or to leave the Common Market. These turmoils are being carried on in a genteel British manner, of course, like Robert Morley advertising British Airways, but embarrassed friends wish John Bull would pull his gaiters up. It's like having an alcoholic in the family.

A final look at Asia now. In a series of tremendous dispatches to **The New York Times** Sydney Schanbert told how, as the foreigners trundled out of Cambodia, the concept dawned on them that the **entire** urban population of Pnompenh, seven million people, was being systematically and ruthlessly marched out to the rice paddies for manual toil and reeducation. "A once-throbbing city became an echo chamber of silent streets lined with abandoned cars and gaping, empty shops. Street lights burned eerily for a population that was no longer there." Now this, among other things, is great writing; it shows once more how print at its best is more powerful than pictures or television. Schanbert tries to be fair; he is compassionate and does not overwrite. But the anguished convulsion of a doctrinaire social shake-up could surpass anything we have imagined in the French or Bolshevik revolutions. It offers arguments for liberals and conservatives to hurl at each other for years. Maybe it wouldn't have happened but for Nixon's 1970 "incursion"; maybe subsequent details will show it exaggerated. The irony is that while U.S. generals wanted to destroy enemy factories and cities -- "bomb them back to the stone age" -- this is just the direction some hard-line Asiatic fanatics wanted to go. Abandon industrialization; back to agrarianism, more Jeffersonian than Marxist! Never at any time did U.S. generals know what, or whom, they were fighting. Cambodians hustled out eight Russian embassy people, too, Schanbert reports. Moscow has still something to learn about revolution.

Our Cuban policy is a failure, too. Other countries are making profits out of Castro; a terrible insult to our multinationals. It comes down to this, as wise Henry Steele Commager writes in the **Boston Globe**, "We must now recognize that all major problems are global; that none can be solved by any one nation, or even by a small group of nations."

Looking back on this bizarre era perhaps the ultimate inconsistency, as Commager remarks, was to wage war in order to halt Chinese communism and then, after embracing Communist China, to persist in the war. Now Washington says, no recriminations. Maybe. But a little postoperative psychiatric examination might be useful, too. ■

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON -- President Gerald Ford is losing control of the federal bureaucracy.

Policy decisions made in the Oval Office are being circumvented, ignored and sometimes reversed at virtually every level of the Balkanized bureaucracy.

Ford recently decided, for example, not to re-establish the Special Drug Abuse Office in the White House. But a number of senior drug officials started their own quiet lobbying effort on Capitol Hill. Now legislation to perpetuate their jobs has been introduced in both the Senate and the House.

In another case, a high-level decision was made not to bring criminal charges against Ven-Fuel, a firm suspected of using fraudulent figures to overcharge Florida utility customers. The decision was made ostensibly to avoid antagonizing the Venezuelan government, which owns part of Ven-Fuel. But lower-echelon officals in the Justice Department and Customs Bureau decided to prosecute the case anyway.

Ford, of course, is not the first President to be frustrated by the paper shufflers. John F. Kennedy likened his bureaucratic encounters to wrestling with a whale -- he could never seem to get a firm hold on the blubber.

But as the nation's first non-elected President, Ford has unique problems. His orders are not backed up by the demonstrated force of the electorate. Therefore, the swivel-chair legions often do not feel compelled to carry them out. In addition, Ford's lack of dynamism and his personal belief in a strong Congress have undercut him with the bureaucrats.

The President has asserted himself, however, in the field of foreign policy. He recently took control of the Middle East negotiations. Hereafter, Ford, not Henry Kissinger, will call the shots.

(Continued on page 9)

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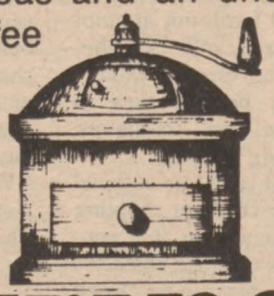

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Cheap Shots

(Continued from page 2)

From the rumor mill

The old political rumor mill is back in operation, following a few months of inactivity after last year's general elections.

One of the juiciest bits of hearsay currently making the rounds raises the possibility that former Richland County Rep. Alex Sanders, who ran unsuccessfully for lieutenant governor last year, will challenge Second District Congressman Floyd Spence in the 1976 Congressional race.

Sanders' supporters have been spreading the word that Sanders is increasingly interested, for a number of reasons. Sanders has apparently changed his mind about his long distaste for Washington politics and living conditions, and he feels that since black Columbia attorney Matthew Perry came so close to beating the ultra-conservative Spence last year, he (Sanders) could accomplish the task with a properly conceived and financed campaign -- something that Perry didn't have going for him until the final weeks of the '74 campaign.

Sanders supporters are also quick to point out that their man drew more votes -- even in a losing cause -- in Richland County than any other statewide candidate in history. Since Richland County is one of the main cogs in the Second District, Sanders could expect to do well again if he faced Spence, who is from Lexington County.

Meanwhile, over in the Sixth District, Republican Ed Young has almost definitely decided to run again for Congress against Democrat John Jenrette. Young beat Jenrette in 1972, but lost a narrow decision last year in the wake of a

Sanders

national Demo landslide. Since that time, Jenrette has managed to get himself sued by a cousin in a real estate/business hassle and by his wife for divorce.

In fact, **The State** reports, Democrats are so sure that Jenrette cannot win next year that they are actively seeking someone to replace him on the Democratic side of the ballot.

More election speculation

Rumors have been circulating recently that Robert C. Elliott, son of Richland County treasurer and power broker Tom Elliott, will oppose State Senator Hyman Rubin in the 1976 senatorial elections.

When asked by **Osceola** to confirm or deny the speculation, the younger Elliott, a Columbia attorney, broke into hearty laughter. His response, when he managed to control his mirth, was that the rumors were simply that.

Tom Elliott

Elliott said he wasn't ready yet to run for any political offices, because he's too young and too concerned with establishing his year-old law practice. Besides, he said, he doesn't think he'd stand a chance against Rubin. He admitted that a candidate his father had supported against Rubin in 1972 -- attorney R.B. Herbert -- had fared badly, and he said Rubin is "one of the safest politicians in Richland County" in terms of his ability to get re-elected.

"Any feud which we might have had with Mr. Rubin is long over," Elliott explained. The denial itself seemed to hint at the opposite, though.

At any rate, should Elliott decide to run, he would have a powerful benefactor in his father, one of the most efficient and well-funded behind-the-scenes political operatives in the county.

Letters

To the editors:

When I first subscribed to your newspaper I thought it might be worth something and perhaps do a little good in the battle of the entrenched special interests versus the embattled citizenry. Sometimes you served well in the role of gadfly. But, sad to say, you have lately spent your valuable space engaged in cheap character assasination, to wit, the hatchet job on a very good friend, Mackie Quave. As a result of your sleazy reporter's personal attack, he was demoted to a weatherman on the early news and thus a goodly number of us, friends and admirers, are now deprived of the only small, but articulate, voice in this area which was not blandly strained through pablum and was not, until recently, afraid to say something to twit the gentle sensibilities of the audience that doesn't like to be annoyed. "Mud Man?" Cute little dig, Mr. Quave suffers from a severe case of sebaraic dermatitis, a disease of the skin and scalp difficult, if not impossible to cure. It's not a thing he asked for. "Kool Aid Box Set?" Cute, but not the announcer's fault that WOLO-TV is a cheap two-bit station. Why not take the managers or owners to task? Why not attack the Pinners, the Rogers, the Forrests at WIS-TV for a slick but bland and boring job? Why slobber over these people and attack and humiliate a man whose "crime" is that he's no longer in the bloom of youth. (He is, by the way, a grandfather who has worked hard and will soon see the fourth and last of his daughters graduate from college; he put them all through.) Dave Aiken an improvement over Quave? I know and like Dave, but superior to Mackie? My God, you poor stupid oafs. You must be kidding! No, I will not renew. It will just encourage you. Better you should cut your man Lackey's pay by $8.

T.W. Hagen

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FROM HERE TO E T

A PEEK AT THE AMERIC

by Dan Lackey

Last week just for the fun of it we donned coats and ties not long out of mothballs and slithered into what was probably one of the more macabre closed-to-the-general-public carnivals to have played this season in the Southeast. We refer to the funeral suppliers' Exhibitors Show in the Carolina Coliseum -- a daily part of the three-day convention of the South Carolina Funeral Directors Association held May 12 to 14 here in Columbia.

Earlier in the day, before our officially-requested visit, we had crawled in under a loose tent flap, so to speak, and had been reverentially astonished to find ourselves in the midst of a display of all the various tools of the funeral trade and the many garish streamlined products of its sub-Egyptian industry -- an exhibit which extended the full circumference of the upper Coliseum vestibule. There were embalming fluids, syringes, eye glues, cosmetics, this-night-will-last-forever nighties, suits, dresses, tuxedos, tape music consoles, hearses, and, of course, caskets, miles and miles of caskets, like a boat show in Transylvania.

Later, like gentlemen of the press, we presented ourselves at the door for the official 1 to 5 showing. It was firmly but discreetly guarded -- no doubt to discourage local necrophiles from drooling all over the merchandise -- and we were carefully screened. The executive secretary of the Funeral Directors Association, Mr. Neil Folk, a portly little gentleman of about 65, issued to us our complimentary passes while giving instructions to his assistants at the registration table about the upcoming hourly drawing for a door-prize. **What**, we wondered, would **that** be, as we began to stroll warily down the exhibit floor. The Triguard Casket Company had decorated its display with blue helium balloons but the general atmosphere was, well, less than festive. All eyes, we thought, were upon us, two obviously young and impressionable visitors from the "outside," and we could not hope to lose ourselves, browsing for hours, the way we did at the Army Surplus Store.

We stopped, at random, at the Clarksburg Casket Company display, where we admitted sheepishly to a tall young fellow that, shucks, we'd never been to a "funeral convention" before. He caught us on that one. "No funeral convention here," he said good-naturedly, like Jethro on the "Beverly Hillbillies." "We ain't plannin' no funerals here today!"

We laughed politely and moved on quickly but Jethro detained us briefly to divest himself of an advertising folder containing a dozen or so photos of the Clarksburg hardwood caskets super-imposed over glossy drawings of the vintage forests they were supposedly culled from. "There is nothing in here that will offend you," he told us confidentially, ushering us on our way, letting us go with the soft-sell since we weren't there to buy directly; hoping that by his friendly face we'd somehow, even in shock, remember Clarksburg when the "time of need" arrived.

Jethro left us stranded in front of the stand of a Mr. Wallace Anderson of the National Music Service with whom we endured a half-hour visit. Mr. Anderson epitomized all we needed to know, or had already suspected, about what Jessica Mitford in her brilliant expose of the industry referred to, simply, as the American Way of Death. Wallace Anderson of the National Music Service played by necessity a social role which, like the role of the funeral directors which his company "services," demands the worst of a father-confessor, the best of a Fuller Brush man.

"The way a nation treats its dead shows the way it treats its living," he continued, para-quoting someone famous; we don't remember whom, maybe Winston Churchill. He steered us, meanwhile, toward what to innocent eyes appeared to be a modern chest-of-drawers and gingerly lifted a nicely disguised lid to reveal the National tape console equipped with two slots for ready-to-play cartridges and a number of simple fine-tuning dials.

Mr. Anderson -- first things first -- turned to earnestly remind us that National provided a service, not a product, it provided a **service** to our funeral director, whomever he might be. That service is a clean and packaged substitute for the mess and bother of live music at the funeral. The selling versus serving point was one well-worth taking, however, and for the time being we were more or less convinced that National wasn't **selling** but humbly and religiously **serving**, or, in the words of the brochures we held, providing "Musical Presence Stereo: music of faith, hope, and inspiration, ennobling the emotions, comforting the troubled heart."

Mr. Anderson placed two cartridges in the slot and demonstrated how the diffident funeral director could engineer the organ prelude out and fade the "live" voice in without anybody knowing it. National's music library, he told us, comes in Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and even non-religious music. But the great thing about the service

E R N I T Y

ERICAN WAY OF DEATH

was that grief-stricken patrons would hardly know that the music wasn't live, the voices were taped. Furthermore all the National consoles stand incognito, "custom-made and designed to blend with the home decor," and as if we were harboring any doubts about the authenticity of the sound, Mr. Anderson stood between the two Musical Presence speakers and matched his own quivering gospel baritone with a professional recording of "Nearer My God To Thee."

"You see," he said, "if you didn't see me standing here you wouldn't know the difference." And he added again -- the third time in fact -- "Always appropriate but never morbid."

We were innocently partaking of some of the literature on the fringe of his exhibit when Mr. Anderson lured us into his playing space for a heart-to-heart talk on the virtues of National's stereotape appliance for our funerals, your funerals, everybody's funerals -- though, to report it honestly, Mr. Anderson did broach the subject with a little more discretion. "Imagine -- and I don't mean to be morbid --" he said, "just imagine someday you'll be called upon to make arrangements for a loved one. Just imagine." Being obliging fellows, we **did** imagine, and stunned ourselves briefly into an embarrassed pause.

Mr. Anderson, one foot in the door already, eased himself into our imaginary living room and, with a kindly and confidential smile, proceeded to present a wonderful commercial for National embellished with thoughtful thoughts on the need for funerals as they are today. "Lotta people are becoming disenchanted with the old funeral service, going in for cremation, stuff like that. But they don't know the facts," said Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Wallace Anderson, a lay Baptist minister, is -- we best report straightway -- a cute and amiable man with little jowls charming as a chipmunk's dimples. Mr. Anderson really believed in everything he was selling, er, telling us; he only seemed to be a shyster simply because his National Music Service is a relatively new growth on the ubiquitous "dark trade" whose practitioners thrive -- through no direct fault of their own -- on the fact that human aging, death, and decay are only of prurient interest in our contemporary Plastic Age. We felt, soberly, the heavy presence of brand new carnal knowledge last week in the Carolina Coliseum, as if we had just made our first fearfully exciting excursion into the religious equivalent of the adult book store.

Photos by Dave Lackey

Sports/Basketball

New recruits — for what they're worth

by Jim Walser

College basketball recruiting has been the unwillingly recipient lately of a considerable amount of "bad press," almost all of which it richly deserves.

Tales involving a plethora of wicked and illegal practices out on the frontiers of high school recruiting abound.

Clemson of course has been in the eye of the storm for longer than it cares to remember -- first being investigated (and cleared) in the recruitment of Tree Rollins two summers ago, then being involved in the Moses Malone rumor and speculation last spring and summer, and now officially under investigation again by the NCAA for a variety of practices dating back to the late 1960's.

Some observers feel that Clemson coach Tates Locke was cast as the sacrificial lamb recently when he was advised that his contract would not be renewed for next season, despite producing the winning team that everyone at Clemson, most notably Clemson President R.C. Edwards, has unabashedly coveted for so long.

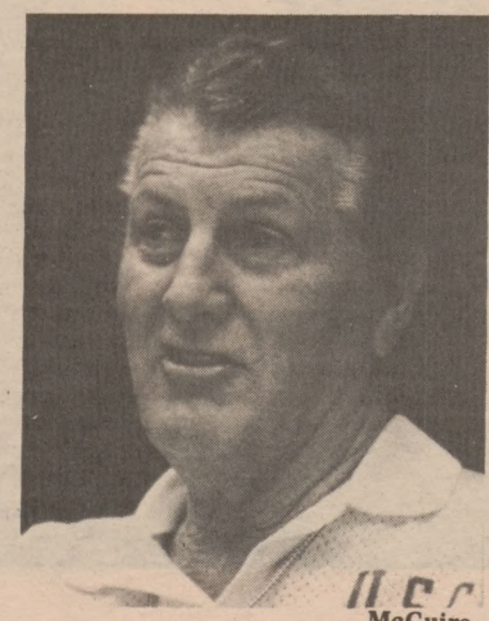
By ridding themselves of Locke, the theory goes, Clemson people were supposedly exhibiting to the NCAA that the school is capable of washing its own dirty linen. Presumably, the NCAA sanctions that are on the way will be less severe because of Edwards' action in terminating Locke's association with the school. It's a nice theory, but many people familiar with the charges against Clemson feel that the NCAA will still take strong, perhaps even severe, measures.

But then it probably won't. Questionable practices in college basketball recruiting have been going on for years, and the NCAA, while posturing itself publicly as an authoritative enforcement agency, is really not.

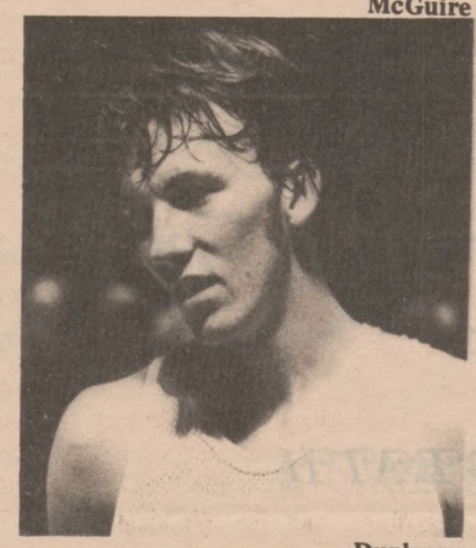
The NCAA, for instance, has never indicated much enthusiasm for policing the individual athletes. And often it is high school athletes and their families who so agressively solicit the little extras that some schools can, if need be, make available to them.

In addition, the NCAA has rarely ever taken punitive action against coaches involved in illegal and unethical recruitment. The two cases which drew the most publicity recently in college basketball for the severity of the penalty -- Long Beach State (California) and Southwestern Louisiana -- were schools where the word "amateur" should never have been invoked into conversation. Southwestern Louisiana was charged with well over 100 violations, including outright cash payments to some players. Long Beach State's football and basketball programs were being supported with great vigor by wealthy alumni who wanted to see the school make it big, and were willing to go so far as to rent apartments for athletes and their girl friends, co-sign notes for cars and other luxury items, and in one case provide the wife of a player with a well-paying job that convinced she and her athletic husband that Long Beach was a great place to play.

Locke



McGuire



Dunleavy

Yet even though abuses of the system do occur, and many of them are of a spectacular nature, the system is for the most part clean. Most athletes coming out of high school are elated to get a scholarship opportunity at all.

No one hates recruiting more than college coaches, who must live on the road and frequently humiliate themselves to bring home the annual quota of quality talent needed to keep the program going. Most coaches dislike recruiting, and will tell you so in a second, but it's still that time of year again, and here's an assessment of who's getting whom, legally or illegally:

USC

Frank McGuire and his staff have made one signing almost certain to help next year's team, and at least one of the other names recruited has been stirring up a great deal of local talk.

Eddie DiRugeris, a 6-2 guard from Philadelphia's Bensalem High, was voted the top player in Philadelphia's "Golden 25" chosen by a Philadelphia sports publication. He is a 175-pounder who averaged ~~almost~~ 23 points per game in his senior year and had 150 schools -- including Syracuse and Kentucky -- seeking his services.

DiRugeris could help solve one of Carolina's sorest spots last season -- the second guard position -- and also share enough playing time with Jack Gilloon and Mike Dunleavy so that Carolina will have an experienced pair of guards for several years to come -- particularly after Dunleavy's departure following the '75-'76 season. Freshmen these days want to play, not watch, and DiRugeris should get the opportunity as Carolina seeks to fill a position that too often didn't prove consistent last year.

The other "name" that has Carolina people talking is that of Bryan Grevey, brother of senior All-American KevinGrevey of Kentucky who played so beautifully in the national finals last March against UCLA. Bryan is a 6-5, 200-pound forward, who won all-state honors at Hamilton, Ohio as a junior, but hurt his knee a week before the season started last fall and was unable to compete as a senior. He would be a forward at Carolina, but will have to come on strong in pre-season drills to dispel questions about his injury status, and in order to beat out the veteran players who will be on the Carolina roster next season.

Clemson

Despite laboring under the hardship caused by the uncertainty of its status with the NCAA, Clemson and new head coach Bill Foster have done a sufficient job of recruiting material to fill in around what the Tigers probably have coming back: Rollins, Skip Wise, Stan Rome and Colon Abraham.

Greg Coles of Queens, N.Y., is generally considered the best prospect, although 6-2 Derrick Johnson of Indianapolis may play more, because Clemson will most assuredly need a new point guard and defensive specialist to replace graduated senior JoJo Bethea. Coles averaged 24 points a game in a tough Queens Catholic league and is an extremely aggressive player.

The other Clemson signee is 6-7 Marvin Dickerson of Charleston, who doesn't figure to play a great deal, but still rates high with Foster nonetheless. Playing at Middleton High, Dickerson was considered a better rebounder and defensiveman than scorer.

Furman

With Clyde Mayes and Moose Leonard picking up degrees at Furman this month, Paladin coach Joe Williams faced the ugly prospect of replacing that twosome which has dominated Southern Conference play for the last three years.

In Ronnie Smith and Steve Green, Williams seems set at guard for next season, and rising senior Craig Lynch on one wing may be next year's most valuable Southern Conference player.

Williams has recruited at least one blue-chip junior college transfer to take up some of the slack. Ray Miller of Brevard Junior College in Cocoa, Fla., scored 27.8 points per game and averaged 12.4 rebounds and was voted to the All-Junior College first team among Florida's 27 junior college teams. He was also voted to the first-team regional team among schools in Florida, Alabama, and Georgia. Williams can use the scoring to replace Mayes, who will leave a giant gap in the Paladin attack.

Replacing Leonard, should he develop to the point in pre-season that Williams feels confortable using him, could be incoming freshman Jim Strickland of Columbia's Keenan High. Although Strickland's high school statistics aren't that impressive (12 points and 14.5 rebounds), many Furman people feel that Strickland was developing fast at the end of his high school career here, and will provide help.

Williams added Artie Knight, a 5-11 guard from Holly Hill, as his other recruit. Furman spokesmen say that Williams would still like to add two more frontcourt players before winding up recruiting this summer.

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Books

Sherlock Holmes as a basket case

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution
by Nicholas Meyer. E.P. Dutton & Co. 253 p. $6.95.

I sat down to read Nicholas Meyer's **The Seven-Per-Cent Solution** with reasonably pleasant expectations. Many of us who have been Sherlock Holmes fans since our impressionable youths (and who hasn't?) have always felt dissatisfied with the skimpy body of Holmes literature -- the "canon" as it's called among the true believers -- that the miserly Conan Doyle left us. There is a desire for the adventures to go on, and for more of the warm world of hansom cabs and gasogenes, of evenings at Albert Hall and ads in the **Times**, most of all of Holmes himself, a constant if not entirely credible seer of the post-obvious truth, a hero who epitomized the rational rather than the physical resolution to the conflicts of melodrama.

At first Meyer's book promises such a continuation. The title page credits -- "being a reprint of the reminiscences of John H. Watson as edited by Nicholas Meyer" -- and the author's biography of Watson on the dust jacket go perhaps too far in perpetrating the gag of Holmes' real-life existence, but on the whole the book looks to be faithful recreation of Doyle's style and methods. These are **looks** only however, for it didn't take many pages before my expectations began to droop and snarl sourly.

Not that there is anything wrong with the plot per se. The story is presented as an attempt by Watson before his death in 1940 to give the real reason for Holmes three year disappearence after "The Final Problem." In chapter one Holmes dramatically appears hopped up on cocaine and starts ranting about "air guns" and Professor Moriarty. Watson who by this time had married and started a practice soon concludes that these phantasms are purely delusory (and, unfortunately, so they prove) and discovers that the mysterious Dr. Moriarty is merely an old mathematics tutor on whom Holmes had fixated in his drug excited state. He decides to lure Holmes to Vienna where a certain doctor during the nineties (you guessed it) is administering new "psychological" cures for such disorders, and Holmes and Freud eventually pool their resources to destroy an arms manufacturing ring that is threatening the peace of the world.

The idea itself is rather clever and with a witty treatment could have proven to be a great deal of fun. Meyer's problem is that he takes his subject at once too seriously and too lightly. He's very careful about the details. There are footnotes giving mock-scholarly support for such revelations as the benignity of Moriarty and the jealous murder of Holmes mother by his father (a gruesome bit of melodramatic psychological background first supplied by Trevor Hall).

Unfortunately, Meyer is less careful about his reconstruction of the style of the Holmes stories. Doyle was himself an aspiring Walter Scott given to flights purple prose, but when Meyer puts such sentences in Watson's mouth as, "The voice choked back a sob that split my heart as I heard it," the effect is of an ugly if unintentional parody. And when one remembers that the voice choking back the sob is that of Holmes himself, it is apparent that some very questionable revisions have been undertaken in the character of the protagonist.

Eventually the book begins to raise questions about the whole idea of fictional revivals. It's not so much that Meyer has done for Sherlock Holmes what Peter Bogdanovich did for the thirties musical. Bogdanovich, however incompetent his reconstruction, showed a genuine affection for the genre that he was imitating. But Meyer's approach to Doyle and his creation is at times almost patronizing. Freud, of course, has long since been easy pickings for debunking, but Sherlock Holmes ranting and carrying on like a refugee from the looney bin? Would Holmes after his cure have picked up his violin and started playing dances for the enjoyment of Freud and his family (he who used his instrument for deepest instrospection)? Was Holmes ever such a disgusting Mr. Nice Guy?

In Doyle's stories there was a sense of intellectual amusement at what he obviously felt was slumming, a tongue-in-cheek amusement that we can share, but when Holmes has become such an institution that we must humanize him through his weaknesses, the point seems to have been missed. The beauty of the Holmes stories to me is that he is such an insufferable know-it-all for whom the hardest problems become "elementary," however dubious the logic used. If anything has made Holmes the most popular fictional detective it is this larger than life quality that sets him apart from the Poirots and Whimsys. When his failings become a sickness rather than a bit of mysterious color added to the characterization then the fun is lost. He becomes ordinary and uninteresting, and Meyer's strained imitation of Doyle's stylistic hyperbole (so appropriate to its time and context) is dislikable.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution has been a considerable best seller since it was published last fall but it's a spurious effort. True Sherlockians are advised to go back and reread the originals.

Venson Steadman

Jack Anderson

(Continued from page 4)

He has started by scheduling a tour of the Middle East in June. But even here, Ford seems to have credibility problems. Several Arab leaders have told us that they regard Ford as a weak President.

Ford will try to use his Middle East trip to convince them, and the Washington bureaucracy, otherwise.

Bogus Bloodbath: The latest secret intelligence reports dispute the "bloodbath" stories that former American Ambassador Graham Martin cabled from Saigon. Before his evacuation, Martin reported to the State Department that the Communists were killing anti-Communists in Da Nang, Hue and other captured cities.

But more authentic information is now available from eye witnesses who left Da Nang and Hue after the Communist takeover. They were unaware, they said, of any bloodbath. They reported, on the contrary, that officials of the former regime had been taken to a camp outside Da Nang for re-indoctrination.

The intelligence reports from Cambodia, however, tell another story. The Communists have emptied the cities and sent the populations into the countryside, supposedly to till the soil. But the mass exodus was unplanned. There has been insufficient food and water to take care of the transplanted population.

The intelligence reports describe terrible suffering and warn that the forced move may result in mass deaths.

Cause Celebre: Some famous figures suddenly have become involved in a battle over an obscure politician.

Former ITT lobbyist Dita Beard and movie star Robert Redford are embroiled on opposite sides in the fight over Stanley Hathaway's nomination to be the new Interior Secretary. Hathaway is the former governor of Wyoming.

It turns out that Beard, who was the central figure in the infamous ITT-Nixon scandals, stayed with Hathaway's family in Wyoming just a few months after we broke the ITT story. It is no more than an embarrassing tie, but Hathaway is already suspect for being too close to the special interests. ■

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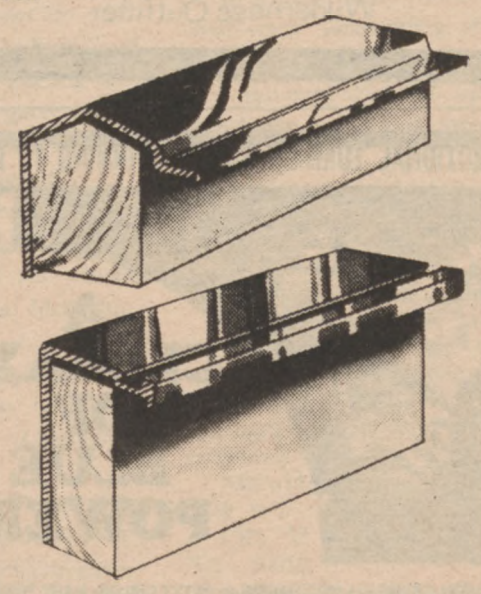
Columbia Gallery, Inc.

Columbia Gallery has recently expanded its selection of chrome and brass picture frame mouldings with a special selection from Milton Bosley & Co. See them at 2218 Devine St., Columbia.



Music/Clubs

Drink Small: a local blues legend

Drink Small
at The Second Level

At a performance in the mid '60's at Columbia's Township Auditorium, B.B. King suffered through a barrage of paper cups and not-so-polite requests that he do something with his guitar "Lucille" rather than play it. At about the same time, in Columbia and throughout the United States, the music-buying public was going wild over the "British Sound" and exponents such as The Animals, Rolling Stones, and Yardbirds. It was not until the advent of Cream in 1967 that Americans dissected the "British Sound" and discovered that its main component was the blues, an American music form taken to heart by the English and later shipped back to the States in a repackaged state.

By the time Eric Clapton played "Rollin' and Tumblin' " on the first Cream album, its composer Muddy Waters, was already in his fifties and the material of then relatively obscure bluesmen such as T-Bone Walker, Willie Dixon, and Howlin' Wolf was beginning to appear with regularity on record releases by the super groups. This resurgence of interest in the blues took B.B. King from the Chitlin' Circuit to Las Vegas and sent New York producers scurrying to the backwoods of Louisiana and Mississippi looking for old men playing guitars whom they could label as "legendary."

Whether the British were responsible for this revitalization or the fact is that whites were finally listening to a part of the black musical heritage, the blues had taken its deserved place as an integral part of the American music scene.

Each Saturday afternoon at "The Second Level," Columbians can hear the blues performed by a gentleman, who though not yet a legend (at least outside of Five Points), is an entertainer in the tradition and mold of the fabled southern bluesmen.

Drink Small, a native of the small Lee County town of Bishopville, has been performing before club and college audiences since 1959. Prior to embarking on a solo career, he had been a member of "The Spiritualaires," a prominent gospel group that toured extensively throughout the Southeast in the 1950's. As a "Spiritualaire," Small played guitar and sang bass. Singing the blues in Columbia is not entirely self-supporting and as a result he has returned to school and is currently enrolled at Midlands Technical College.

Small's style is no different from many of the blues singers that you've seen, but it is that manner of performance which makes him so enjoyable to see and hear: half talking, half singing, joking with the audience continually, and strumming the guitar without interruption. His act is marked by the narrative introductions that he gives each of his songs. Whether detailing a particular experience in his life, making a philosophical point, or just plain preaching, Small gains an immediate rapport with the audience. Musically his songs range from familiar numbers such as "I've Got My Mojo Working," "Everyday I've Got the Blues," and "Three O'clock in the Morning," to original compositions. He prefers the latter and tells the crowd "playin' what other people want me to play is bad, when you've got your own thing to play."

Small considers his "Blues Suite" something of a classic, but another of his songs, "What Color is Jesus," would come far closer to fitting that category. The afternoon I caught Drink Small's act he warned his audience prior to a tune called "Springtime Is A-Coming" that "nobody's ever heard it, Ive never heard it myself" and he proceeded to compose the song as he played.

Singing the blues allows such improvisations and it was evident from the ease with which Small sang that his musical catalog was filled with such spur-of-the-moment material. While Small is basically a solo performer ("you ain't got to have a band...you were born by yourself") he is often joined on stage by guest musicians. The resultant jams are something the Saturday afternoon regulars all anticipate. "I like to play the blues and the Lord blessed me to sing the blues," Small says, and no one at "The Second Level" will dispute the claim.

Opened just over a year ago, "The Second Level" enjoys the reputation of being one of the more friendly clubs i the city. Owned by Thom Stoudemire, it features nightly "live entertainment", one of the largest selections of mixed drinks in town, and "New England Grinder" sandwiches. The atmosphere is casual and the decor is cozy.

As to the entertainment each Tuesday Buzz Peele bares his blue-eyed soul; Wednesday features folksinger Rusty Davis; Thursdays bring on Jim, Lee, and Connie; and on the weekends, artists such as Sour Mash, Savanna, Eddie Zomerfield, Joanie and Gregg, the Persians, and Bobby Holliday perform. Each Monday night there is a different performer.

"The Seond Level" begins operations at 4:00 each afternoon (Happy Hour is from 4 to 7) and remains open to 2 a.m.

Tim Driggers

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Events

(continued from page 12)

Ed Flanders, Jason Robards, and Colleen Dewhurst are shown in a scene from "A Moon For the Misbegotten," the ABC Theatre presentation to be broadcast this Tuesday, May 27, at 8:30 p.m. Eugene O'Neill's play continues the story of Jamie from "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and moderates the somewhat harrowing tone of that earlier work into a mellow love story beween Jamie and Josie Hogan, a Connecticut spinster with whom he finds a brief but intense relationship of shared experience and hardship. The play was not well-received when it was first produced in 1943, but the post-war O'Neill reevaluation and more especially this 1973 Broadway production have caused it to be acclaimed as one of his finest works. Certainly, with such experienced O'Neill hands as Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, and director Jose Quintero this should be one of the top TV events of the season.

and is still going strong after 15 years. Performances are nightly at 8:30 p.m. with a 3 p.m. matinee on Sunday. Tickets are $4 for adults, $3 for students.

Workshop Theatre will hold its annual membership meeting Sunday, May 25 at 3:00 p.m. The meeting will be in the theatre. There will be election of new steering committee members and a progress report on the new building. Paid members and people who have worked on two or more shows this year are urged to attend.

clubs

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Southern Transit" is the band for the 23rd and 24th; "Silk and Steel" on the 30th and 31st. No cover charge.

JADE EAST,Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"The Flamingos" will be appearing on the 23rd and 24th rather than "Black and Blue" as originally scheduled. "The Anvils" are slated for the 30th and 31st. Call for information about charges.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

Drink Small and his band for May 23 and 24. Next week the performers will be Buzz Peele on Tuesday; Rusty Davis on Wednesday; Jim, Lee and Connie on Thursday; "Foothills Revival" on the 30th and 31st. $1 on weekend, 50 cents during the week -- no membership necessary.

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

"Freedom" for the 23rd and 24th. "Peace Tree" starts on Sunday, May 25, and will probably stay through the end of the week. The charge will be approximately $1.50 for members.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Boa" sings on May 23 and 24. $1 per person for members (membership fee is $1 per month, $5 for a year). "Horizon" is scheduled for the following week.

sports

Budweiser of Columbia will sponsor the "Budweiser 150" at Columbia Speedway on May 30. There will be a 50-lap mini-stock event and a 100-lap late model sportsman main event featuring NASCAR driver Cale Yarborough and a purse of $4,000. The races begin at 8 p.m. and the admission is $4 for adults with children under 12 admitted free when accompanied by a parent.

music

Jane Smith, a graduate student in piano at the University of South Carolina, will be giving a recital at the Columbia Museum of Art on Tuesday, May 27, at 8 p.m. in the Museum Trustees gallery. Smith received the University's top piano scholarship on entering in 1970 and has studied in London with Denise Lassimonne. She will play selections by Bach, Schumann, Brahms, and Chopin, and the recital is open to the public without charge.

Rufus will sing at the Carolina Coliseum on Saturday, May 24. Tickets are available at $6, $5, and $4. On Sunday, May 25, **Seals and Crofts** will be appearing at the Coliseum with Minnie Riperton and Walter Heath. Tickets were still available at press time, priced at $6.50, 5.50, and 4.50. Tickets are also now on sale for **Mac Davis'** concert at the Coliseum on June 6. Prices are $6.75, 5.75, and 4.75.

Rufus

specials

The Richland-Lexington Council on Aging will hold a special open house at the Columbia Museum of Art in honor of Older Americans in the two Columbia counties. Awards will be presented to outstanding senior citizens, and the elderly are invited to bring their family and friends to this event which will be held from 2 to 5 p.m. on the afternoon of Sunday, May 25.

June 1st is the next grant award deadline for the South Carolina Arts Commission. Applications will be considered for either summer or fall projects in the fields of arts-in-education, professional arts development, and contemporary arts activities. Application forms and further information can be obtained by contacting Penelope Buelow at the South Carolina Arts Commission, 829 Richland Street, Columbia, 29201 (758-3442).

Deana Morse, South Carolina Filmmaker in Residence, will be showing several of her films as the final program in a series of independent filmmakers being presented at the Columbia Museum of Art. The screening is on Saturday, May 24 at 8 p.m. in the Trustee's Gallery of the Museum, and is open to the public without charge.

A Spiritual Arts and Unity Day Festival will be held on the weekend of May 24 and 25 at Hampton Park in Charleston. The festival is sponsored by Amanda Marga, a Charleston meditation society, and will include art exhibits, puppet shows, collective music, singing, and spiritual dancing. Teachers from Amanda Marga as well as several well known spiritualists will also be appearing.

art

The Frederick Frieseke Centenary exhibit continues at the Columbia Museum, through June 8, and includes a number of paintings by the noted 19th Century American impressionist gathered from museums across the country.

Pinhole photography by Willie Ann Wright will be exhibited at the Columbia Museum of Art beginning Sunday, May 25 and running through June 6. Pinhole photographs are created by using a tiny light hole to focus the picture rather than a lens, and the resulting photographs have soft-focus, antique appearances. Wright is a painter and printmaker who has her work represented in both public and private collections.

"Margaret--Summer'72," a pinhole photo by Willie Anne Wright.

television

Saturday, May 24

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The California Angels versus the Boston Red Sox. (Channel 10)

5 p.m. - Wide World of Sports. The Grand Prix of Monaco and a preview of the Indianapolis 500. (Channel 25)

5 p.m. - Golf. Danny Thomas Memphis Classic. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Breakfast at Tiffany's." Truman Capote's novella about a hillbilly girl who becomes a chic if shady socialite was so dispassionate in its style that this schmaltzy movie version actually seems somewhat more satisfying. With Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and a typically excellent Patricia Neal. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Ulzana's Raid." A cowboys and Indians Western starring Burt Lancaster, and filmed by gutsy action director Robert Aldrich ("The Dirty Dozen," "The Longest Yard"). (Channel 10)

9:30 p.m. - Great Performances. A tribute to choreographer George Balanchine by the New York City Ballet and soloists Edward Villella and Patricia McBride. (Channel 35)

11 p.m. - Movie. "Charge of the Light Brigade." The 1936 version with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland. (Channel 19)

Sunday, May 25

2 p.m. - Basketball. NBA Playoff. The Washington Bullets against the Golden State Warriors in their third championship game. (Channel 19)

4 p.m. - The History of the Motion Picture. A program on Buster Keaton with scenes from "Daydream," "College," and "Ally Oop." (Channel 35)

4:30 p.m. - Tennis. The World Invitational Tennis Classic pits Rod Laver and Evonne Goolagong against Ilie Nastase and Chris Evert from Hilton Head Island. (Channel 25)

4:30 p.m. - Golf. Final round of the Danny Thomas Memphis Classic. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - "The Ups and Downs of Henry Kissinger" is a CBS News examination of Kissinger's successes and failures and his working methods within the State Department. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m. - The Indianapolis 500, a tape of the Sunday afternoon race. (Channel 25)

7:30 p.m. - Evening at Symphony. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the Boston Symphony in a program that includes Brahm's Piano Concerto No. 1 with Misha Dichter as soloist. (Channel 35)

Monday, May 26

8 p.m. - "The District Attorney." A bullish week for CBS news with this special that goes inside the Philadelphia DA's office to give a first hand look at the overcrowding of our courts. (Channel 19)

8 p.m. - Smothers Brothers. The Brothers in their swan song for current (and presumably any future) series television. The guests include old time regulars Pat Paulsen, Leigh French, Mason Williams, Jennifer Warren, and Bob Einstein. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, May 26

8 p.m. - The Way It Was. Memorable moments in sports are highlighted in this series of half hour programs. This week: the 1946 Army-Navy game. (Channel 35)

8:30 p.m. - ABC Theatre. "A Moon For the Misbegotten" with Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Music. Barry Miles' "Fusion Suite" synthesizes rock, jazz, and classical idioms. (Channel 35)

Wednesday, May 28

8:30 p.m. - Jacques Cousteau. Cousteau and his crew study the "Sound of Dolphins," the language and navigation methods of the mammals as well as their living habits. (Channel 25)

Thursday, May 29

9 p.m. - Movie. "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." A highly praised John Ford Western with John Wayne, Joanne Dru, and Ben Johnson. (Channel 19)

Friday, May 30

9 p.m. - Movie. Jack Palance in a 1973 TV version of "Dracula." (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - ABC News Closeup. The controversy surrounding the CIA is the subject of this month's installment. Newsreels and interviews with agents are used to investigate operations around the world. (Channel 25)

1 p.m. - Midnight Special. Joan Baez hosts a program with Hoyt Axton, Kool and the Gang, and Hampton Hawes, a jazz pianist. (Channel 10)

TV Footnote. In case you want to write the New York network offices with a complaint, commendation, or otherwise talk back to your TV set, the addresses for such mail have come our way and we reprint them as follows:

ABC, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10019.

CBS, 52 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y., 10019.

NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., 10020.

PBS, 495 L'Enfant Plaza N., New York, N.Y., 10019.

EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN
MAY 24-31

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Double Possession" is another low-budget exorcism and runs at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30. Rated R.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Five Loose Women" and "Snow Bunnies" are this week's charmers. Both are rated X with the first complete show starting at 3:30 and the last at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"A Climax of Blue Power" and "The Sex Machine." Continuous shows from 1 p.m. Rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Dolemite" continues for another week of black action. R with new times at 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"A Touch of Class." A would-be sophisticated comedy about an American businessman in London (George Segal) and a liberated widow (Glenda Jackson) who take off to Spain for a weekend of "casual sex" and encounter various thwarting mishaps. The primary tension is whether Segal and Jackson can preserve their affectless attitudes without falling in love, and while this idea may not make you fall off the edge of your seat, it seems to be the movie's concept of a sophisticated treatment of current mores. It's not, and the film suffers from some clumsy comedy sequences and especially the characterization of Segal and Jackson, two ordinarily ingratiating actors who succeed in making themselves dislikable. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Breakout" is a prison escape film with Robert Duvall being liberated by Charles Bronson, a mastermind who is the world's greatest authority on prison breaks. Promises to be unusually terrible. PG. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." This story of a woman who, with her twelve year old son, must suddenly make her own way takes off from the ideas of liberation (although scripted, ironically, by a man -- Robert Getchell) but ends up by humanizing the ideology into a funny, irreverent study of characters with an appealing if somewhat evasive fairy tale ending. Some vividly detailed direction by Martin Scorsese ("Mean Streets") and a zinger of a performance by Oscar winner Ellen Burstyn. R. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Dove." A young man (Joseph Bottoms) and his girl (Deborah Rafkin) decide to sail around the world with ensuing romantic complications. Photography by Sven Nykvist. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 786-0022

"Young Frankenstein" holds for another week. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Eiger Sanction" is the enigmatic title for a new Clint Eastwood movie co-starring George Kennedy. Rated R, it shows at 2:20, 4:40, 7, and 9:20.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Death Race 2000." David Carradine drives to win in a film about a demolition derby 25 years from now in which the drivers as well as cars are eliminated. Is there a hint of parody in this otherwise banal sounding plot? R. 2:10, 4, 5:50, 7:40, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Linda Lovelace For President" is a new movie that reportedly uses the comic talents of Ms. Lovelace rather than her other well-known attributes. Rated R, with shows at 3, 5, 7, and 9. The late show for May 23 and 24 is "Celebration at Big Sur."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" moves down the street. Michael Sarrazin, Margot Kidder, and Jennifer O'Neill in an enjoyably awful concoction about a college professor who slowly discovers what an SOB he was in his previous life. Slight and unpretentious, but it's really pretty terrible. R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. On the 23rd and 24th there will be a late show at 11:30, "Serpico."

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Death Race 2000" plays here, too. 3, 5, 7, and 9, with only the 7 and 9 shows on Monday through Thursday.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Breakout" also gets double exposure. It's obviously a banner week for action films in Columbia with almost half the non-porno hardtop theatres playing the adventure/violence genre. Certainly the ubiquitous presence of Bronson and Carradine seems a rather questionable redundancy. "Breakout" plays here at 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20 with no shows before 7 on Monday through Thursday. The late show on the 23rd and 24th is "Night of the Living Dead."

theatre

The Fantasticks will be presented by Town Theatre beginning May 23rd and running through the 31st. The Tom Jones/Harvey Schmidt musical is the longest running play ever staged in New York

(Continued on page 11)

NOW SHOWING

GAMECOCK 2 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

SHOWS
1 - 3 - 5
7 - 9

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS
A MEL BROOKS FILM
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
20th CENTURY FOX